

*The Tragedie*

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,  
To cut off those that haue offended him.

1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,  
When gallant spring, braue *Plantagenet*,  
The Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee.

*Cla.* My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage,

1. Thy brothers loue, the Deuill, and thy fault,  
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.

*Cla.* Oh, if you loue my brother hate not me,  
I am his brother and I loue him well:

If you be hirde for neede goe backe againe,  
And I will send you to my brother *Glocester*,  
Who will reward you better for my life,  
Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.

2. You are deceiued your brother *Glocester* hates you.

*Cla.* Oh no, he loues mee and he holds me deare,  
Go you to him from me.

*Am.* I so we will.

*Cla.* Tell him, when that our Princely father *Yorke*,  
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:  
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,  
He little thought of this diuided friendship.

Bid *Glocester* thinke on this and hee will weepe,

*Am.* I milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe,

*Cla.* O, doe not flander him for he is kind,

1. Right as snow in earnest, thou deceiuest thy selfe,  
Tis hee that sent vs hither now to murder thee.

*Cla.* It cannot be: for when I parted with him  
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs  
That he would labour my deliuey.

2. Why so he doth, now he deliuey thee  
From this worlds thrauldome: to the ioyes of heauen,

1. make peace with God, for you must die my Lord,

*Cla.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,  
To counsell mee to make my peace with God,  
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God, for mnrdring me?  
Ah sirs consider he that set you on  
To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede,

2. What

*of Richard the T*

2. What shall we doe?

*Cla.* Relent, and saue your soules.

1. Relent, tis cowardly, and woma

*Cla.* Not to relent, is beastly, sauag  
My friends I spie some pittie in yours l  
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou one my side and intreete  
A begging Prince what beggar pittie

1. I thus, and thus: if this will not  
Ile chop thee in the malnesey But in t

2. A bloody deed and desperately p  
How faine would I like *Pilate* wasla  
Of this most gricuous guilty murder

1. Why doest thou not helpe me?  
By heauen the Duke shall know how

2. I would he knew that I had saue  
Take thou the see and tell him what I  
For I repent me that the Duke is flain

1. So do not I, goe coward as thou  
Now must I hide his body in some ho  
Vntill the Duke take order for his bur  
And when I haue my meed I must av  
For this will out, and here I must not t

*Enter King, Queene, Hastings*

*King.* So now I haue done a good day  
Your Peares continue the vnited leag  
I euery day expect an Embassage

From my Redeemer, to redeeme me h  
And now in peace my soule shall part  
Since I haue set my friends at peace on

*Ri.* By heauen my heart is purged  
And with my hand I seale my true he

*Hast.* So thrue I as I sweare the lik  
*King.* Take heede you dally not b

Least he that is the supream King of  
Confound your hidden falshood, and

Either of you to bee the others end.